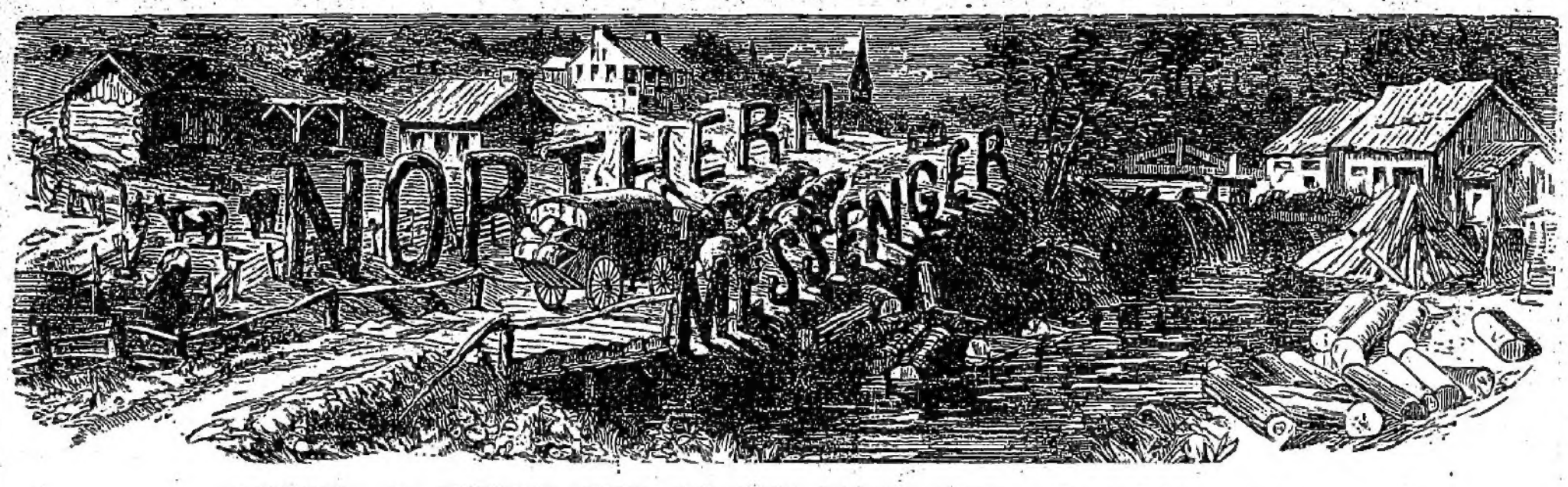

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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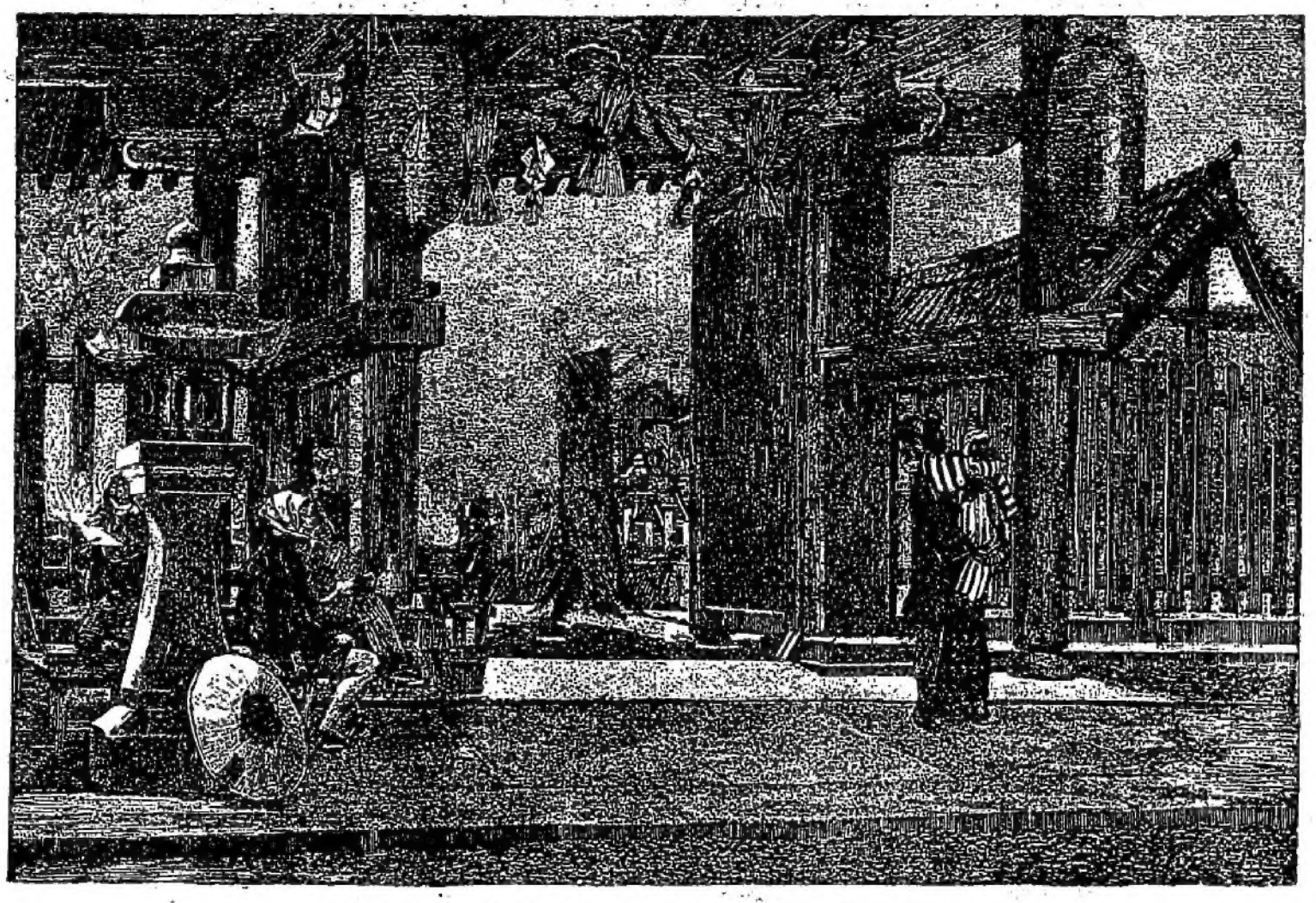
THE GREAT SHINTO TEMPLE IN KOBE.

The Shinto religion, or old belief of Japan is very simple. Its chief aim is the discovery of happiness in this present world. Of the world beyond the grave it has only the vaguest and most obscure ideas. Consequently, its votaries endeavor to pacify and appease the gods who have the ruling of this world in their hands, and, by daily ablutions to prove the purity of their souls. Even when polluted by death, or bloodshedding, or by eating the flesh of domestic animals, their penances are by no means severe or harsh. The gods they worship are those who, according to the legends, created Japan, and still take an interest in the land they created. The heroes of primitive ages, who, like the knight-errant of the middle ages, went about redressing wrong and seeing justice done, occupy a sort of intermediary position. They are promoted to living in the land of the gods, and are always ready to intercede with any deity on behalf of the land they labored for during life. The structure of the Shinto temples is, as a rule, very simple, and the principal articles in the interior are a basin of water for ablutions, and a large chest, in which the offerings of the worshippers are placed. Across the front of the porch is a thick rope, made of straw, known as the Shime, which keeps off all harm from the sacred precints.



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT SHINTO TEMPLE AT KOBE, JAPAN.

HOW TO WORK.

BY PROF. AMOS R. WELLS, IN THE "GOLDEN RULE."

I wish to give you my decalogue of work, my ten commandments of labor. And I want to write them, not on tables of stone, but on the fleshly tablets of your hearts. Now you each have two hearts, luckily, a right and a left one, joined together; so that I can divide my commandments into two tables, easy for you to remember. You are to fix the first table by the letter p. The commandments are: Do not procrastinate. Do not putter. Take your own pace. Read work's parables. Remember the promises. You are to fix the second table by the vowels, a, e, i, o, u. That is: Be ambitious. Be easy. Be intelligent. Be orderly. Be upright. That is the outline of what I want to say to you.

The first commandment of labor is, Do not procrastinate. There was once a Yankee farmer whose acres were covered with boulders, and very much needed stone fences. "I'll build 'em," said the Yankee, "to-morrow or next day, I guess." But after many to-morrows and next days a good fairy took him in hand. Wherever he walked, she threw great boulders before him. He lifted them out of the way. She sent immense stones in front of his plough. He got a crowbar, and rolled them into the next furrow. She piled them on his wheelbarrow. In surprise he threw them off. At last she sent him a dream,—a dream of a stone fence, broad, square, neat, and strong, and far-reaching about his farm. "This is the fence," she cried in his ears, "the fence you might have made with the strength you used in throwing stones out of your way."

Do you ever think of this, that it takes a certain amount of energy to reject tasks when they press upon you for the doing, that the worry over an unaccomplished duty is a burden it takes strength to bear? Do you realize that I am speaking not in rhetorical exaggeration, but in literal exactness, when I say that procrastination requires power, and often a power that, when summed up, would do the deed? Oh, how we cheat ourselves! How we hammer away on cold iron! How we set the mill to grinding after the water has passed, so that we must laboriously turn the mill-wheel ourselves!

The waste of strength is not the worst of it. "By the street of 'By-and-By' one arrives at the house of 'Never.'" That's the worst of it. Putting off means leaving off. Going to do is going undone, ten cases out of nine.

Think of it. If the little grain of corn does not sprout in the springtime, the liberal summer, and wide autumn, the whole round year, has henceforth no abiding-place for it. But if it begins to grow in that acceptable time, the crowded summer will find space for the tallest stalk it can push up, and the full autumn can contain its heavy ears. This is the interpretation of the parable. There is no room in all the infinite future for a single deed that ought to be done now. So the first commandment of labor is, Do not procrastinate.

The second commandment about labor is. Do not putter. This is the second in the order of time, but the first of all in the order of importance. For a worker's prime virtue is vim. Yet there are thousands of workmen, so-called, whose practice, if not whose lips, read the text in this way: "Whatsoever thy hands find to do, dilly-dally with all thy might." "Puttery, puttery, puttery,"—that's what Tennyson's Yorkshire farmer would hear their horses' hoofs "sa-ay."

Apropos of horses, there is a fairy story about a horse, which you have never heard and which you ought to know. It is this: Mary Ann was attempting to drive one day, along a straight road; and before many minutes the horse knew what Mary Ann knew at the start, that she did not know how to drive. She held the reins loosely, then she pulled them tight. She jerked now one side and now the other. She flapped them. She got them crossed. She kept up a constant clicking with her tongue. She fussed with the whip. At last Dolly, the horse, who was a very sensible old horse, got tired of such nonsense, and called on the horse-fairies to interfere. (This is a fairy story, you know.) So straightway they came, and while one unharnessed Dolly, and changed her with a tap of a magic wand into a girl like Mary Ann, another changed Mary Ann into a horse like Dolly, and harnessed her in a jiffy. Then Dolly got into the carriage, and took her revenge on Mary Ann. And oh, such pullings and twitchings and flappings and jerkings! Mary Ann never forgot the lesson. Do you wonder what is the moral of my fairy story? It is this: Drive your business, or your business will drive you. Go at your work in a straight-

AUBERT GALLION QUE
J. W. N. Pozer 1893

forward, sensible way. Hold firm reins. Don't jerk and twitch and flap and fuss. Don't putter. For if you do, then in stern reality, and no longer in ridiculous fable, the retributive fairies of worry and vexation and disappointment and impatience and wasted time and strength and reputation will harness your soul to the tasks you should have ridden upon, and you will be driven unmercifully by the very powers you were made to drive.

There is a beautiful word, which every one who aspires to the high title of "worker" must manage in some way to get into the vocabulary of his life. That word is "alert." What a picture flashes into our minds when we say it! "Alert,"—bright eyes, quickly moving as the Greeks loved to see them; body in nice equipoise ready for prompt obedience; motions delicate, exact, and swift; speech clear-cut, quiet, and steady. That word "alert" is the poetical form of our American adjective, "business-like," the opposite of "puttering."

A straight line, your geometries tell you, is the shortest path between two points. The same definition fits the word "alert," the word "business-like." It means taking the shortest and easiest way to your goal. Is it mastery of a newspaper? You may putter over it an hour, or by alert skimming along headlines and coarse type you may get the very marrow out of that newspaper in ten minutes. Is it writing an essay? You may putter over pen and paper for days, or, by alert watching of your mind and your reading, prompt jotting down of ideas, energetic blocking out of the essay, you may do it much better in one-fourth the time. Lazy folks, puttering folks, take the most pains, while they think they are taking the least.

The King's business requireth haste. And this is one good reason why Christ's yoke is easy, because he teaches us to carry it with business-like alertness. There is a best way to do everything. That is also Christ's way, the easiest and shortest. The night cometh, when no man can work. Do not procrastinate. Do not putter.

KITTY'S RACE.

A feeling of gloom hung over the stable. Old John Pratt was silent and moody; Bill, the hostler, looked sad; and the face of Jim, the colored boy, seemed blacker than ever.

It was in the midst of our races,—one of those events which call together thousands of people to witness them.

This unnatural gloom and silence at this particular part of the stables,—a part usually the liveliest of all,—seemed strange.

Something unusual must have happened! Perhaps Jack had lost an important race; but that could not produce such an effect,—for during his long career as a driver he had lost many.

One stall, bearing the name of Kitty on its door, was closed and locked. This was unusual, for Kitty was the favorite and pet of the stables. The men cast occasional sorrowful glances at the closed door and turned away sadly.

John Pratt had from boyhood been among horses; had at an early age learned to drive them; and when he grew to manhood he made it his business to train them and drive them in races,—some for himself but mostly for others. John had a great heart, and was kind to his horses and was a very successful driver. He had grown gray in his calling.

He sat in the twilight with his chair tipped back against the stable, thinking,—thinking of the events of the day that had passed.

Kitty had been entered in one of the races. John had felt confident that she would win it, for he knew every one of her competitors, and was sure she would be able to out-trot them all. She was harnessed to her light racing sulky fifteen minutes before the time for the starting of the race, and John proudly gave her "a spin around the ring," as he called it. Kitty was his favorite horse. He owned her himself. As she sped down the homestretch, front of the grand stand, a murmur of admiration ran through the crowd, making sweet music to John.

The other horses were soon out, and the tiresome attempts to get a fair start began.

After trying seven times an accident happened to the harness of one of the horses, and a delay of several minutes ensued, during which the horses were blanketed and led about by their hostlers.

Then the broken harness was repaired, and they were ready once more. John mounted his sulky, patted Kitty gently on the flank, and drove toward the starting point. As he patted Kitty she turned her head around toward him, as if in acknowledgment of his kindness, but in her eyes John noticed a peculiar beseeching look, which haunted him for some minutes but in the excitement of the race was soon forgotten.

They were "given the word" on the next trial, and away they went in a bunch. Kitty was well back in the start, but John did not mind this,—he knew she could "outfoot" them all. Gradually she drew up on the leader, then she was at his wheel. Along they went at a terrific rate around the last turn into the home-stretch. John felt that he had the race, and was preparing to let Kitty out, when to his surprise, she slackened her pace and threw her head into the air; this was not like Kitty, for she had been in many races and knew as much about racing as John himself.

The leader drew away from her; the third horse passed her; then the fourth, and poor Kitty went slowly under the wire last of all. Cries of fraud arose from the spectators, who thought John was holding her back. When she slackened her speed John "let her have her head," knowing that something was wrong. With an effort she passed the judges' stand and slowly beyond; but when John turned her preparatory to returning to the judges' stand, Kitty fell to the ground.

She never moved after she fell. John, jumping from the sulky, ran to her head, and saw in her almost human eyes the same mournful beseeching look he had noticed before the race. In a few minutes she was dead,—of heart disease, they said.

At first John could not believe that Kitty was dead, but when he realized the fact tears came into his eyes and he turned away to hide them. The crowd dispersed, and the body of poor, honest, gentle Kitty was carried to the stable and deposited in her stall and the door was locked.

This was the incident that occupied Jack's thoughts as he sat there in the twilight. Kitty was dead! She would never race again!

Wearied by the excitement of the day, John nodded—his head sank upon his breast. He feel asleep, and this is what he dreamed:—

It seemed to him that he was sitting in Kitty's stall and that Kitty put her nose so close to his cheek that he could feel her warm breath, and said,—

"Don't you know me, Jack? I am better off than I was before, for I can talk to you now. You have always been kind to me, Jack, and I want to thank you. We were great friends weren't we, Jack? My mother told me how good and kind you were to her. I have always served you faithfully, Jack. I never refused to do anything you asked, Jack. I always did the best I could, Jack." And then she rubbed her nose gently up and down his cheek. "I was sick when the boys were hitching me up to-day, but I couldn't tell you. It wasn't your fault, Jack, I know that. Be as good and kind to all my old friends and companions as you have been to me, won't you, Jack? If they could only talk as I can now, they could tell you how they feel. But they must race whether they feel well or not. Good-by, Jack, good-by."

The next morning John was at the stable early, with a calm, serious face, and gave directions for the disposal of Kitty's body. After it had been buried, he called Bill and the colored boy Jim and said.—

"Boys, I've drove my last race. I've drove my last race, boys. I've drove my last race."

John spoke truly, for never after that would money tempt him to take part in another horse race.—*Wm. E. White in Our Dumb Animals.*

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

We read of a Christian Endeavor Society that has formed a band of "First Getters-up." It is composed of those who have agreed to try and be the first to speak at the devotional meeting. The young people have thus ordained that the best part of the meeting shall be at the opening, not near the close.

THE TEN MINUTES AFTER THE LESSON.

BY THE REV. JOHN BRITTAN CLARK.

In nearly all Sunday-schools, however much their order of service may vary, there is a little time given to the superintendent, which he is expected to use in behalf of the lesson. This time averages about ten or fifteen minutes, and is usually placed between the close of the lesson by the teachers and the dismissal exercises. How best to employ these moments is the question that perplexes the superintendent from Sunday to Sunday.

Above all things, do not waste them. After the bell has called the school to order, and all are ready, is no time for the superintendent to leave the platform for the purpose of conferring with some officer; nor is it the proper time to consult with the chorister, or enter into a hurried examination of the hymn-book. Any matter requiring attention should be previously attended to, while the school is otherwise engaged than in idle waiting for the superintendent. It is a most common occurrence to have some of the ten minutes after the lesson lost in this manner, and their loss is sure to cause further waste of time in regaining attention and order.

Review the lesson. Devote these ten minutes strictly to reviewing, which is entirely distinct from re-teaching. When in day-schools a re-view is announced, it is understood that the exercise will consist in simply eliciting from the scholars what has previously been taught. The re-view of the Sunday-school lesson should be of the same nature as the re-view of the every-day lesson. The conditions of the first part of the afternoon should in these ten minutes be entirely reversed, the school becoming teacher; and the superintendent or reviewer an eager, questioning scholar. One of the most successful reviews I ever heard was so conducted. The speaker started out at once by saying that he intended asking questions, and intended to do it as rapidly as he could. He wanted any one to answer; it made no matter whether the answer was right or wrong. Then he began a fire of brief, clear questions: "Whom are we meeting in the lesson? What did he do? Where did he go?" As he asked the questions he kept pointing rapidly in different directions, and throwing in "Quick! quick!" No question went unanswered or waited an answer. If no answer came instantly, he answered himself, and at once said, "That was what he said. What did he say?" The whole school was actually lashed, by the rapid energy of the questioning, into an eager excitement to answer. If an important answer was given, he would raise his hand high up, in plain sight, and, clearly giving the answer, ask the entire school to watch his hand, and repeat the answer when his hand came down. Of course, the uplifted hand and its expected fall got the attention, while the answer, emphasized by a united answer, impressed itself. The entire lesson was covered, and the two or three chief facts elicited driven home by concerted answers, within ten minutes.

It should be the aim of every superintendent to study how to vary this review exercise. New faces are attractive, however pleasant to the school his own face may be. New voices are interesting. The great thing is for superintendents to appreciate the importance of these ten minutes after the lesson, and for them to realize that a proper use of them requires careful antecedent preparation. The superintendent, as he uses these ten minutes, can ruin utterly, or he can aid most materially, the efforts of his teachers.—*Sunday-School Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—JUNE 19, 1892.

REVIEW.—PSALMS & DANIEL.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Psalm 25: 14.

HOME READINGS.

M. Psalms 1, 2, 19.—Lessons I., II., III.
T. Psalms 23, 51.—Lessons IV., V.
W. Psalms 84, 103.—Lessons VI., VII.
Th. Daniel 1: 1-21.—Lesson VIII.
F. Daniel 2: 36-49.—Lesson IX.
S. Daniel 3: 1-25.—Lesson X.
S. Daniel 6: 1-28.—Lesson XI.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 26, 1892.

MESSIAH'S REIGN.—PSALM 72: 1-19.

(Quarterly Missionary Lesson.)

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"All kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him."—Psalm 72: 11.

HOME READINGS.

M. Psalm 72: 1-20.—Messiah's Reign.
T. Zech. 9: 9-17.—"Behold, Thy King Cometh Unto Thee."
W. Micah 4: 1-8.—"The Lord Shall Reign Over Thee."
Th. Jer. 33: 14-26.—"The Branch of Righteousness."
F. Isaiah 32: 1-8.—A King Shall Reign in Righteousness.
S. Isaiah 12: 1-6.—Jehovah My Salvation.
S. Psalm 149: 1-9.—"Let the Children of Zion be Joyful in their King."

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Reign of Righteousness. vs. 1-5.
II. A Reign of Blessing. vs. 6-14.
III. A Reign of Glory. vs. 15-19.

TIME.—Probably about B.C. 1015; soon after Solomon succeeded to the throne of his father David.

PLACE.—Written in Jerusalem, by Solomon.

OPENING WORDS.

This Psalm was probably written by Solomon soon after he was established on the throne of his father David. By common consent of the most eminent expositors, Messiah is the king of whom it treats. If it refers to Solomon and his reign, it does so only in so far as they were types of the person and kingdom of "David's greater Son." Verse 20 is no part of this Psalm, but a postscript to the second book of the Psalms, of which this is the last. Our lesson hymn is a beautiful paraphrase of the Psalm.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Thy judgments*—right to reign and authority to execute judgment and justice. Matt. 11: 27; 28: 18; John 5: 22, 27. *King....king's son*—Solomon was both king and king's son; so also is our Lord. 3. *By righteousness*—as the fruit of righteous government. 4. *Judge the poor*—shall vindicate the oppressed and punish the proud and injurious. 5. *Throughout all generations*—his kingdom is to be everlasting. 6. *He shall come down like rain*—by the gracious influences of his Holy Spirit, refreshing the souls of his people. 8. *From sea to sea*—Messiah's kingdom is to be of universal extent. 9. *Bow*—receive and reverence him as their Lord. *Lick the dust*—be reduced to the most abject submission. 10. *Tarshish*—in the south of Spain. *Sheba*—in southern Arabia. *Seba*—Meroe, in Africa. These places were noted for their wealth and commerce. The remotest and wealthiest nations shall acknowledge him. 11. *All kings....all nations*—all shall adore and serve him, all shall exalt and honor him. Isa. 45: 23-25; Rom. 14: 11; Phil. 2: 9-11. 12. *He shall deliver the needy*—who would not fear and reverence and love so good a king, who makes the needy, the poor, and him that hath no helper his peculiar care? 15. *He shall live*—Revised Version, "they shall live." *Prayer also shall be made for him*—that his kingdom may come and his name be glorified. 16. *Handful*—Revised Version, "abundance." *Shake like Lebanon*—waving in the wind in its luxuriant growth, like the forests of Lebanon. The spiritual blessings of Messiah's reign are set forth under this figure of abundant fruitage. The barren lives and desert hearts that now yield no fruit to God shall in that day produce a matchless harvest. 19. *Let the whole earth be filled with his glory*—to this prophetic prayer of Solomon let every heart respond, *Amen, and Amen.*

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A REIGN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. vs. 1-5.—With what prayer does this Psalm begin? Who is meant by *the king*, and *the king's son*? How is Messiah both *king* and *king's son*? What is said of him in Isa. 9: 7, and 11: 4? How shall he judge the people? Meaning of verses 3 and 4? Whom does the Psalmist now address? v. 5. What is written in Psalm 89: 35-37?

II. A REIGN OF BLESSING. vs. 6-14.—How does the Psalmist describe the blessings of Messiah's reign? What shall be the effect *of* this gentle, refreshing and fertilizing influence? What shall be the extent of Messiah's dominion? Who shall bow before him? Who shall bring their gifts? What further is foretold of Messiah's kingdom? vs. 12-14. What is written in Isa. 60: 17-22?

III. A REIGN OF GLORY. vs. 15-19.—What is predicted in verse 15? Explain verse 16. How long shall Messiah's name endure? What shall all nations call him? What ascription of praise closes the Psalm? What should we respond to this doxology? What should we pray for in the second petition?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Messiah's reign will be an everlasting reign; of his dominion there shall be no end.

2. It will be a universal reign; all nations shall serve him.

3. It will be a peaceful reign; Messiah is the Prince of Peace.

4. It will be a beneficent reign—securing priceless blessings to all.

5. It will be a glorious reign; the whole earth shall be filled with his glory.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who is Messiah the king? Ans. The Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

2. What is the character of Messiah's reign? Ans. It is a reign of righteousness, of blessing and of glory.

3. What is to be the extent of Messiah's kingdom? Ans. He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

4. How long shall his kingdom last? Ans. His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, which shall not pass away.

5. What is our duty with regard to Messiah's reign? Ans. We should honor him as our King, and live and give for his cause, and pray that the whole earth may be filled with his glory.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

DUTY'S PATH.

Out from the harbor of youth's bay
There leads the path of pleasure;
With eager steps we walk that way
To brim joy's largest measure.
But when with morn's departing beam
Goes youth's last precious minute,
We sigh "'twas but a fevered dream—
There's nothing in it."

Then on our vision dawns afar
The goal of glory, gleaming
Like some great radiant solar star,
And sets us longing, dreaming.
Forgotting all things left behind,
We strain each nerve to win it,
But when 'tis ours—alas! we find
There's nothing in it.

We turn our sad, reluctant gaze
Upon the path of duty;
Its barren, uninviting ways
Are void of bloom and beauty.
Yet in that road, though dark and cold,
It seems as we begin it,
As we press on—lo! we behold
There's Heaven in it.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

TRAINING TOO OFTEN NEGLECTED.

The mother's first duty is not to feed and clothe the bodies of her children, but to see to it before God that those bodies are kept free from pollution—that the child is passed over into self-keeping, after a full maturity of powers, without unfeeblement of false bias and unhealthy desires. The arrangements designed by nature are the best possible—home, mother, father and slow development of the child. What could be better planned? Yet we allow our parental care to be outflanked by all sorts of corrupting influences and home to be invaded. If our houses are fortresses against law they certainly ought to be against lawlessness. It is, I am free to say, utterly inexcusable that our children shall be got at by debasing influences. We can prevent it, and with wills of the right sort we shall prevent it.

"What shall we do about it?" you say, "Shall we turn our houses into monasteries and shut our children up in cells?" Madam, your question is foolish and you do not even desire to give yourself to true child culture. You are, I suspect, trying to excuse your selfishness by asking nonsensical questions. I have seen children brought up with tenderest sympathy and fully guarded against corruption, and yet you would never have thought of calling those homes prisons, gaols, or monasteries or nunneries. The only difference between them and other homes was that there the first influence and effort was to train and educate and save the children. It was not the second or third purpose, but the first purpose. To that everything else bent. The result was most lovely and lovable characters and happy homes and satisfied parentage.

Then you would say, "But how shall a child ever know how to go into society if kept awkwardly shy when young?" And I would say, "That is nonsense, for no child need be kept shy or made awkward in a fine home, with noble friends and enough to do and think about, and as for professional society, if that is what you mean, God save my boys and girls from ever feeling a taste for such a sickly life.'

On no account fail to study your boys and girls and see what one special thing they delight in, then let each one, from the first manifestation of a bias, have that to do. If the child is naturally an artist be sure he is furnished with art material and a studio. If he be a mechanic let him have tools and a shop. Don't dare to think you can afford a sealskin sacque and cannot afford all the tools he can use. If you have a book lover let him follow his bent with only rational restraint.

Be sure on no account to allow your child to sleep with his friends at their homes or to have companions to spend the night with him. Even day association may be almost wholly in or near your presence, if you will take the trouble to overlook such companionship generally.

Take special pains to train the oldest child, to companionship and accustom him or her to a watchful co-operation in guarding with you the younger ones. The oldest child is a wonderful power for good or for evil.

Blessed be the father and the mother that have devoted themselves to their children, and have learned that no higher office exists in the universe.—*Mary B. Spencer, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A RAILWAY KITCHEN.

"I never knew what convenience was," remarked a practical housekeeper the other day, "until I had made several trips in a dining-car on one of the best equipped railways in the country. The culinary arrangements interested me very deeply, and I was greatly pleased to find among the passengers an officer of the road with whom we had some slight acquaintance. Upon expressing my surprise that such complete arrangements could be made in such small space, the official invited me to inspect the kitchen department of this restaurant on wheels. I found that a space but little longer than the width of the car was required as storage for provisions for the entire train. Some articles were bought in quantity to serve on the return trip; others were supplied by contract at points along the line. There was no confusion, no crowding, and no waste room, of course. On the basis of such an arrangement an ordinary family would require a kitchen not larger than the average china closet. Ice, butter, meats, vegetables and other provisions, were stored away with the most perfect system.

"I observed one thing which was and always will be a lesson to me. Whenever one of the several employees had finished using any article, it was immediately put exactly into the place designed for it. This is to some extent the secret of successful management in these cars. It would be impossible to get about in such limited space if every article was not religiously kept in place. No confusion, even for a moment, would be allowed. One article thrown down in the careless way in which housekeepers frequently indulge would be as disastrous to perfect service as a misplaced switch would be to the train. Everything would be in disorder in an instant. I think it would be a most useful thing if housekeepers could examine such equipments occasionally. They would learn how easy it is to work in small space if all the demands of system and order are met. Of course, it would not be possible to do this with the help that one must often depend upon, but the woman who does her own work would find that she could do it in a fraction of the time she now finds it necessary to spend on her household duties. How important this is the inexperienced housekeeper is unable to realize.

"The secret of good housekeeping is, first of all, to have convenient places for all necessary utensils and furnishings. No woman can work to advantage if every time she wants a peice of china she must move a dozen things to get it. Housework would lose half of its terrors if kitchens and pantries were made as convenient as offices and some of the well equipped restaurants in city establishments. To have suitable utensils and perfectly convenient places for them is one secret of good and easy housekeeping."

A FEW LITTLE GRAINS OF ADVICE.

I have made my little talk this month entirely to the busy girl, and so I am just going to say to her in closing: Take care of yourself.

When you buy an umbrella, will you be sensible enough to get a good sized one that won't permit drippings to get on your shoulders and skirts?

When you buy a pair of rubbers, will you get those that come well up on your feet and protect them, rather than the strap sandal, which is only of use to the women who can pick their steps as they go along?

When you are making your skirts over, won't you make one of suitable length for a rainy day, so that your ankles won't get wet and a bad cold result?

Won't you try and eat suitable food for your lunch, if it is possible, choosing bread and meat rather than sweets?

Won't you when you come home at night put on another gown and seem to become another girl for a little while?

Won't you if you have nothing but a hall room in a boarding-house make that as pleasant and bright as possible, and invite your girl friends to see it and to enjoy it with you?

Won't you, if you are forced to live in a boarding-house, keep as much as possible out of gossip and ill-natured talk that too often reaches these homes, so-called?

Won't you try to not only say, but think what is kindest and pleasantest about people? If you will make yourself "think" it, then not only will the considerate words come but a gentle grace will pervade your entire face, a grace that will be like sunshine to other people, making them feel the better for it.

Won't you rid your brain of a silly idea, very prevalent among workers, and that is, that some special favors are shown to some girls and that there is a clique against you? Watch the other girls, and you will be very apt to discover that the special favors shown result from their being good workers and from employers recognizing that the one who merits, deserves consideration and praise.

Won't you try to do what, when you are away from home, you think would please your mother? You can't make many mistakes if you do this, and I do so very much want you, more than any other of my girls to do that which is right. I want you to be always honest to your employer and your friends. I want you to be the most loving and most courageous of women, and you can only be this if you get rid of all the follies that keep you small in thought and heart. I want you to be a working girl, not a lazy girl, but an honorable woman, not one who by your conduct lessens the good words said for all other women. Won't you be this?—*Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.*

ADDITIONS TO DESSERTS.

A bowl of choice sauce makes a welcome accompaniment to almost any plain pudding, and may be so easily had that it ought to form a more frequent item on our daily bill-of-fare.

A variety of delicious sauces may be made with creamed butter, and sugar as a foundation (two good tablespoonfuls of butter to a small cupful of sugar does well,) adding to it when thoroughly beaten about half a cupful of almost any kind of jam or marmalade. For a plain rice pudding nothing could be better than a quince marmalade sauce made in this way. Peach marmalade, raspberry or strawberry jam, or ripe red tomato preserve, are perhaps equally good so used. Half a tumberful of any sort of jelly beaten into the butter and sugar gives a delicious flavor and texture, and even the same quantity of nice apple sauce, first rubbed through a sieve is not at all to be despised.

A plain sauce of boiled sugar is delightfully flavored by the addition of a few spoonfuls of syrup from almost any kind of canned fruit. Cherry sauce with cottage pudding makes a nice combination. The syrup from preserved cinnamon melon makes a sauce of which few could guess the ingredients. Where preserved and canned fruits are much used for tea, there will often be a little left over and one could not do better than to serve it in this form.

Boiled sugar flavored with the juice and grated rind of an orange or lemon is excellent, and may be suitably served with boiled bread pudding or with frittors.

A little grated nutmeg added to a sauce made of creamed butter and sugar, one well beaten egg and a cupful of rich hot milk, stirred in last, will make a very pleasant accompaniment to brown-betty.

In a household where there are children such desserts as these are hailed with more enthusiasm than the most elaborate pudding served alone.

SELECTED RECIPES.

GINGER DROPS.—One-half cup each of molasses sugar, lard and boiling water, and one teaspoonful of alum, dissolved in the water, and one spoonful of soda. Add ginger and cinnamon, and flour to stir very stiff. Place dabs as large as walnuts on tins, so they will not touch; place a raisin on top of each. Bake in a moderate oven.

LEMON PIE WITH ONE EGG.—Put the crust in the plate or tin and bake. Take one cup of sugar one cup of boiling water, half a lemon, the yolk of one egg, one tablespoon of flour or corn starch. Cook all together, stirring all the time. Pour into the baked crust and beat the white saved from the egg to a froth. Add a tablespoonful of sugar and put on the top. Set in the oven until it is a nice brown.

A CHEAP AND DELICIOUS RICE PUDDING.—One cupful of rice well washed, two quarts of new milk, a pinch of salt, with sugar and flavoring to taste; grate nutmeg over it and bake in a slow oven four or five hours. This will prove a most delicious pudding, to be eaten hot or cold, and if baked slowly is better than with the use of eggs. To be eaten with lemon sauce.

CREAM TOAST.—One pint milk or cream, two even tablespoonfuls flour, two tablespoonfuls butter, one half teaspoonful salt, six slices dry toast. Heat the milk, melt the butter in a granite saucepan, add the flour, mix well and stir in one-third of the milk. Stir till it thickens and is smooth, then add the remainder gradually. Add the salt. Dip the dry toast quickly in hot salted water; put it in a deep dish and pour the thickened cream over each slice.

BAKED FISH.—After cleaning the fish thoroughly, let it stand in salt water for two or three hours. Rub it well inside and out, with pepper. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter, a small onion chopped fine, pepper and salt to suit the taste. Stuff the fish with this dressing, and tie or sew up. Put it in the pan, with water enough to cover. Sprinkle it over with flour and put in a small piece of butter. Bake slowly one hour. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs.

EGGS FOR SUPPER.—Take a nicely flavored brown gravy and put it into a shallow pie-dish which has been well buttered. Place it in the oven and let it remain until it boils, then take it out and break into it as many eggs as will lie side by side together. Sprinkle seasoned bread crumbs over all, and place the dish again in the oven until the eggs are set. Have ready one or two rounds of toast. Take the eggs up carefully ones slice, lay them on the toast, pour the gravy over all and serve hot.

POTATOE ROLL.—This is a very nice way to serve cold mashed potato. Put one cupful in a saucepan, add one-quarter of a cupful of milk and seasoning of salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and two well beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly and heat till light. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan; when hot put in the potatoes, spread evenly over the pan, and cook slowly until a golden brown. Roll like omelet and serve hot.

TENDER STEAK.—A steak that is tough will sometimes come home, *mater familias* most careful selection notwithstanding. In such a case mix equal quantities of salad oil and wine or cider vinegar, and lay the steak in it for a couple of hours before broiling, and it will be found very tender, as fine as the best. On the same principle the juice of a large lemon, or even two, squeezed over a piece of roast beef before it is put into the oven makes it very tender and rich flavored, and it will give out ample juice for basting and for a rich gravy without a drop of water.

PUZZLES NO. 11.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

I am composed of 62 letters.
My 47, 1, 8, 51, 62, 35, a prophet of great courage.
My 26, 12, 23, 33, 52, brother of a great priest.
My 4, 28, 21, 46, 2, 11, 8, 24, 48, an offering for sin.
My 24, 36, 54, 10, 13, 27, 31, 1, 59, 48, 39, 29, gathering of people.
My 18, 30, 25, 41, 28, 31, 50, 15, worship of false Gods.
My 6, 10, 56, 55, 17, 21, 32, 37, 5, a tomb.
My 23, 1, 58, 24, 21, 55, 28, 2, 38, house of God.
My 24, 57, 9, 40, 61, 49, 52, 22, 58, 34, telling of a fault.
My 41, 45, 36, 14, 15, Christ said should be given in exchange for one of the same.
My 7, 53, 61, 47, should be done to Bible teachings.
My 20, 42 and 60, are consonants.
My whole is a verse in Isaiah telling of Christ's coming. I.G.F.

DIAMOND.

A consonant. An article. A kind of riddle. A fissure. A poem. A vowel.

PIED CITIES.

Evnage. Rioca. Shtaca. Ugdinbrhe. More. Eannsboyrse. Labdin. Teeluan. Nneivn. Kimohotes.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

1. An American general. 2. A battle of the American Revolutionary War. 3. A famous expedition. 4. A Castilian Queen. 5. The name of two English explorers. 6. A battle of the Thirty Years' War. 7. A Spanish explorer. 8. A Grecian law-giver.

My initials spell a Grecian leader. My finals a battle between the Greeks and Persians.

ENIGMA.

My first is in dare, but not in sew.
My second is in wind, but not in blow.
My third is in sick, but not in ill.
My fourth is in knoll, but not in hill.
My fifth is in wait, but not in fountain.
My sixth is in mound, and also in mountain.
My seventh is in sighter, but not in fighter.
And my whole spells the name of a well-known writer.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN PI.

1. Rutiga. 2. Jabon. 3. Thzerl. 4. Ceolardne. 5. Lltne. 6. Nolpa. 7. Gnron. 8. Nolvil. 9. Prah Clnafrn.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Eliza C. Tannahill, Geo. F. Jenkin and Nellie Laros.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 10.

CHARADE.—Portland.

NUMERICAL BIBLE ENIGMA.—"The heavens declare the glory of God."

WORD SQUARE.—

B O A T
O G R E
A R T S
T E S T

METAGRAMS.—1. O-vange. 2. Usage—sage—age. 3. Clock—block—flock—lock. 4. Lash—sash—mash—rash—cash—dash—hash—wash—nash. 5. Flag—lag.

ENIGMA.—O.

DIAMOND.—

F
B I B
M A R I E
F I D D L I N G
C L I M B
E N D
G

The Family Circle.

A FULL SURRENDER.

HOPE.

The longing heart is often dumb,
And no excuse can tender,
When Jesus sweetly whispers, "Come,"
And asks a full surrender.
His peace he promises afresh,
His joy we shall inherit,
If we are masters of the flesh
And servants of the Spirit.

Whate'er he bids we must say, "Yes,"
Put our whole hearts into it;
Responsibilities are his;
The work is ours—to do it.
And not infrequently one sees,
Outside of rhyme or story,
A life that's filled with humble peace
And hopes of future glory.

Some saintly life, sweet 'mid its toil,
Sheds on us its pure lustre;
We judge of all the Christian soil
By this rich Eschol cluster.
This soul has "lifted up" the Christ—
Exhibited his beauty—
Till faith has wrought and crystallized
Together love and duty.

Canaan seems near while fired with zeal
Distance has vanished from us,
A growing eagerness we feel
To tread this land of promise.
But giants dwell within this land;
Shall we rush into dangers?
Our foes at home we understand,
But these are *total strangers.*

Faith lifts us to some lofty cliff,
Courage and hope attend her,
And but for some intriguing "if,"
We'd make a full surrender.
There's many an Ananias soul
To-day, on land and ocean,
Who seems to give to God the whole,
But slyly keeps a portion.

And thus we pledge God's child to be,
Yet make some reservation,
Which we pretend we do not see,
And then expect salvation;
Bargain to get at smallest cost
That which most peace shall bring us:
We lie unto the Holy Ghost,
Till self-reproach doth sting us.

We shut our eyes and bend our knees,
And of our faith we prattle,
While such a faith brings little peace,
Nor wins one heavenly battle.
A living faith must haste and rout
This covetous pretender;
God honors him who "out and out"
Doth make a full surrender.

—*Michigan Advocate.*

WAYSIDE SERVICE.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"Bring me some pretty shells," said little Emma.

"And me a star-fish," said Freddie.

"Don't go bathing alone, and write often," said mamma.

These were the parting words Lena Richards heard as she left her home for her vacation trip. Her father waited until he had arranged everything for her comfort in the car, when he said:—

'You are on the shady side, and have *good things to feed body and mind.* But don't read much. Enjoy the scenery and people. Remember my directions about getting your sleeper, and don't forget, daughter, this vacation may be a time of blessed wayside service."

"Dear old papa never forgets the Master's work," thought Lena, winking back a few tears as her father hurried off the train.

Lena had thought of a visit at Aunt Anna's summer cottage as a time for rest and pleasure. She had worked hard to complete her high school studies with honor, and had long looked forward to this wonderful journey as the end of all labor for a time; yet her father had suggested that there was one kind of service that was not to be laid aside with school and home duties.

"Perhaps some great opportunity will come," she thought, noticing near by a woman with a baby hunting for a seat. Lena wished for a moment the lady across the way would move some of her bundles, or the gentleman in front his valise, but her second thought was of the wayside service, so she moved her belongings and gave the woman a pleasant invitation to share her seat.

"Thank you. Billy's so heavy, I'm nearly dead. I travelled yesterday and all night from Kansas, you know. Mother's sick, and I'm awful anxious," said the tired woman, as she sank into the seat.

"I'm sorry, but you may find her nearly well," said Lena cheerfully. "Let me take Billy awhile. Perhaps he will look out of the window and let you rest."

This was a real sacrifice, for Billy proved a trying travelling companion, and Lena trembled for fear her new suit would be *hopelessly rumpled.* The tired woman leaned back and fell asleep, and when she awoke, her thanks repaid Lena for two weary hours. The country station was soon reached, and Lena saw the good old farmer welcome his daughter and grandson.

"Mother's better, sure enough," called the woman as the train started, and Lena felt some of the daughter's joy herself.

When she opened her lunch she noticed hungry-looking eyes watching her in the seat behind where two boys were keeping a *delicate lady busy.*

"May I give your little men some cake and fruit?" asked Lena.

"Thank you; they seem unable to wait until we stop for dinner, and in my hurry I forgot my lunch-box," was the answer that sent part of Lena's dainty lunch over to the delighted children.

"Have you anything to read?" asked the lady. "I'm so tired watching the telegraph-poles."

Lena's father had provided for her a book she had not read—"The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." She doubted its being appreciated, but she handed it over, saying, "Papa said this was a good book for my journey, as I was starting out for happiness."

"That's something I know little about, though I call myself a Christian," sighed the lady, beginning the book at once.

Lena gave her illustrated magazine to the boys, which kept them still for some time.

"Do you believe God really plans everything for our good, even our trials?" the lady asked, leaning over to Lena.

"Yes, of course, if we love Him. There are ever so many promises, you know," was the answer.

Just then a dear old lady came along with whom Lena was glad to share her seat. She had heard the lady's question as she entered, and she soon began to talk to Lena, telling a bit of her own experience the young girl will never forget.

"That is very helpful," the lady said as she returned the book, "I will buy a copy at once and try to find that kind of happiness."

There were other little opportunities for kind words or helpful acts, which made sunny places in the long journey. At noon the next day Lena found herself at the little seaside station, where her cousins were waiting with the carriage and a warm welcome.

Sea Nymph Cottage was a beautiful summer home half way between Long Branch and Ocean Grove. Of course Lena must step on the veranda and have a good view of the ocean before even lunch was a temptation. Lena forgot all about "service" for the rest of that day, being carried away with the beauties of the ocean, in sunlight, twilight, and moonlight.

The next day she began to realize that even this little Eden had its thorns. First, she found Gretchen, the up-stairs girl, crying over a letter from the "old country."

"My mother is sick. She may die already," sobbed the girl.

Lena tried to comfort her, and at last found the real trouble.

"There is no church near. I would go and pray to the saints, and have the priest pray for her, but now she can have no help," Gretchen said.

"O Gretchen, God will hear you just as well here," said Lena.

"But I haven't confessed for a long time," sighed the girl.

Then Lena sat down on the stairs Gretchen was cleaning, and explained how unnecessary a priest was to be heard of God, and Gretchen dried her tears, promising to pray as Lena did.

Later, Aunt Anna came into Lena's pretty bed-room with a troubled face.

"Lena," she said, "Ralph liked you when he visited your home last year, and I hope you can influence him. He used to spend the time in his natural history work, but he has become intimate with some wild young men at Long Branch and is constantly slipping off to play billards or ride behind their fast horses."

"Auntie, why can't we go to Ocean Grove to the meetings? I've heard they were splendid and Clara says it's a pretty ride or a nice long walk by the ocean," said Lena.

"My children don't care much for those things, Lena. Ralph laughs when I suggest the Grove, and says they do nothing but pray and bathe, then bathe and pray. I'm afraid we've done too little of the latter in our house," replied Mrs. Andrews.

Lena began making a special study of her young cousin, putting his name first on the little list for whom she prayed every night. Clara was too indolent to go with him on his excursions, and he was much pleased at Lena's joining him in his natural history study. She mended his butterfly nets, held "specimens" for him without showing her "crawly" sensations, took long walks or sails, soon learning to help in the management of his boat, which was only allowed out when the ocean was very quiet unless the old sailor-gardener had the sail in charge. In return for all this Ralph was very willing to drive over to the Grove with the girls. At first Lena chose lectures and concerts, and then proposed the 9 o'clock young people's meeting. Clara declined this, but Ralph felt that Lena had too often been of service to him for a refusal, so he was ready the next morning for the early service that Mr. Yatman held in the young people's temple. It was a very impressive meeting, Mr. Yatman being full to overflowing with interesting anecdotes, and yet unusually solemn and tender in his pleading for the young souls that had not yet enlisted for the King.

Ralph hardly spoke on his way home, and Lena made it a time for silent prayer that the good seed might take root. She waited a few days and asked him to go again, and he consented after a moment's thought. That morning he was among the number who arose for prayers, and a few days after he announced, with beaming face, that he had found the peace of believing in Jesus.

"You blessed child!" Aunt Anna said that evening, as she stopped in Lena's room a few moments. "You have done me good and made me wish for the childlike, Christian faith I had once; but most of all, I rejoice over Ralph's giving up his old habits. I'm sorry Ethel Harper is coming now. I suppose it will be dancing, card-playing, and beaux until she has gone."

Both Lena and Ralph found it hard to be true to conscience after gay Ethel came for she and Clara were constantly teasing them about the camp-meeting town, or begging them to help fill up a dance or a game of cards. Ralph watched his cousin narrowly, and at last said, "Lena, you are a brick—pardon my slang—I mean true to your colors. I shall take your stand, for, as Mr. Yatman says, it is the uncertain soldier that is apt to desert."

The night of Clara's grand party Lena wondered what she should do by way of service. There were many fashionable young people from West End and Long Branch, and, in her modest white dress, Lena looked like a daisy in a tulip bed. As for helping to entertain the young gentlemen, Lena knew there were at least five girls to every young man, so there was nothing to do in that line. Seaside invitations are often family affairs, so there were a few old people and a sprinkling of very young folks at this gathering.

"Lena," Ralph said, "I feel badly to think I can't dance when there are so few gentlemen, but I had to refuse. Can't we get up some games for the children?—though they are so high-toned they act like little men and women."

Lena thought this a fine suggestion, and she soon had a dozen young people, who did not quite "fit" any place, enjoying merry, old-fashioned games on the lawn where the full moon smiled down on the little lights hung in the trees. The elderly people in the summer-houses and on the veranda smiled over the fun, and later found Ralph and Lena ready to serve them refreshments. Lena found an opportunity for her word.

"Why don't you dance?" asked Daisy Drew, a much-dressed young lady of fourteen. "Most of the young ladies refuse to notice us girls.'

"Because, dear, I belong to a church that forbids dancing, for it thinks we cannot be good Christians and *dance.*"

"I never heard any one but a minister talk as you do," said Daisy. "If I come over some day, will you tell me about your church?"

And this started Lena's Sunday-school. Daisy came with a little friend the next Sunday afternoon, and for the rest of the summer Lena met all the little girls who would come, in a pretty summer-house overlooking the sea, and there taught Bible lessons and read helpful stories to her devoted companions.

The day after the party every one was too tired for walking or riding, and towards evening Ralph proposed a sail, as the sea was very quiet. As Peter was to accompany them, the girls consented; but even with his skill an unexpected *accident happened.* A fishing vessel bore down upon them, which was manned by some half-drunken men, and as the little boat could not get out of the way in time, it was capsized. Ralph and Clara could swim, and were able to take care of themselves until they received help from Peter and the men on board. Lena thought of the loved ones at home, then of the Friend who was always near her, and after a few brave struggles she went down with a peaceful face. On coming to the surface Ralph and Peter were ready to pull her into the fishing vessel; but Ethel was not so fortunate. During her struggles there came before her, as is often the case in drowning, the panorama of her whole selfish, worldly life, and the shriek she gave was as much despair as fear when the cold water was closing around her. But the second time she rose to the surface one of the fishermen had reached her, and she, too, was soon safe. It was some time, however, before the vigorous measures to which the men resorted brought her back to consciousness, and for several days she was really ill.

"Lena, I saw you when you thought you were facing death, and you looked really happy, while I was in agony. Why were you not afraid to die?" Ethel asked one day.

"Because I trusted Jesus—that is all," answered Lena.

"I wish I had *that faith,*" sighed Ethel. "I will go to church oftener when I get home."

"O Ethel, don't wait for that time! Begin trusting Jesus to-day. Ask him to forgive your past sins and make you his child, and lead you every day," said Lena, her face glowing with feeling.

"I will," said Ethel, her tears falling fast as Lena bowed her head and whispered a little prayer as they sat together on the beach.

It was a quiet beginning, and the soul just born again had many lessons to learn before it became a true disciple; but the angels must have sung for joy over even that small beginning.

"Stay here," pleaded Clara, as Lena was packing her trunk a few weeks later. "I can't bear to think of your wasting your life in a village school. Think of all papa offers you if you will go to New York with us."

"It is a temptation," replied Lena, "but I've had a long rest and a pleasant summer and now mamma needs me, and I must help papa a little."

"Your resting is of more use than most work," said Ralph, who was lingering near.

"It seems to me I've had an ocean full of fun and frolic, papa," Lena said when she met her father.

"What, no wayside service?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes, papa—all I could find. Perhaps it may not amount to much, but it was 'in His name,' and was the happiest thing in this happy summer."—*Zion's Herald.*

DON'T FORGET to train the smiling muscles if you wish to remove traces of worry and irritability. A pleasant countenance is largely a matter of will.—*Wide Awake.*

A NOTED MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

For the past thirty years the world has been familiar with the exploits of Edward Whymper, the famous mountain climber. His first expedition was undertaken in 1861, when he was only twenty-one years of age. This was the ascent of Mont-Pelvoux, then considered the highest mountain in France. From it, however, he discovered another mountain 500 feet higher, Pointe des Ecrins. This he ascended three years afterwards. On July 14, 1865, he made the ever memorable ascent of the Matterhorn, on which occasion his companions, the Rev. Charles Hudson, Mr. Hadow, Lord Francis Douglas and one of the guides lost their lives.

In 1867 he explored the fossiliferous deposits of North West Greenland. Here he found cones of magnolia and fruits of other tropical trees, which go to show that Greenland was not always the land of ice and snow it is now. Some of the fossil plants collected then are now on exhibition in the British Museum.

In 1871 Mr. Whymper published an account of his Alpine journeys under the title of Scrambles among the Alps in the Years 1860-69, in recognition of which he received from the King of Italy the decoration of Chevalier of the Order of S.S. Maurice and Lagarus. In 1872 he again explored North Greenland.

In 1879-80 Mr. Whymper travelled in the Republic of Ecuador, exploring, ascending, and measuring the Great Andes on and near the Equator. On this journey he made the first ascent of Chimborazo, 20,517 feet high, Sincholagua, Antisana, Cayambe, Cotocachi.

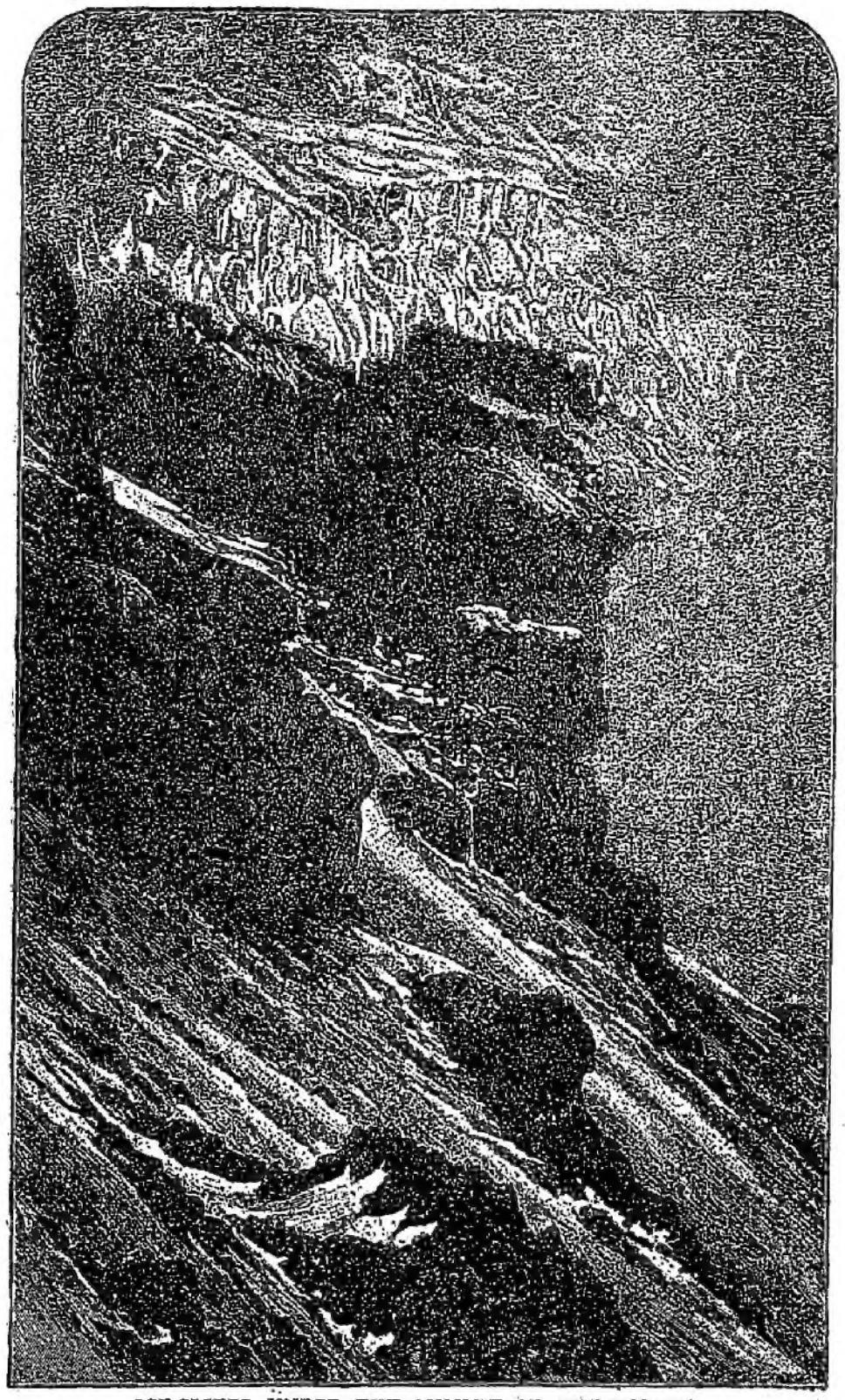
Only this year have the results of those journeys been made known in the book entitled "Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator," commended by a recent English critic as a thoroughly well considered and finished work, with all his observations checked and verified, and put forth with a care and deliberation which render them of the highest scientific value.

One question Mr. Whymper investigated in that expedition was whether men could live and accomplish useful work at very great heights above the sea level. His first idea was to explore the Himalayas, but a frontier war prevented him from venturing in 1874, and the quarrels between Chili and Peru rendered the highest ranges of the Andes equally unsafe. He, therefore, turned to Ecuador and the great mountain Chimborazo. He landed at Guayaquil on December 9th, 1879, and at once started on his travels. His companions were Jean Antoine Carrel and his cousin Louis, both Swiss guides, and Mr. Perring, an Englishman, who had passed many years in Ecuador. They had no experience of mountain sickness until they reached a height of 16,000 feet, at which altitude they pitched their second camp. They arrived in good condition, but in about an hour Mr. Whymper and the Carrels found themselves lying on their backs, incapable of moving.

"We were feverish, had intense headaches, and were unable to satisfy our desire for air, except by breathing with open mouths. This naturally parched the throat and produced a craving for drink, which we were unable to satisfy—partly from the difficulty in obtaining it, and partly from trouble in swallowing it. When we got enough we could only sip and not to save our lives could we have taken a quarter of a pint at a draught. Before a mouthful was down, we were obliged to breathe and gasp again, until our throats were as dry as ever. Besides having our normal rate of breathing largely accelerated, we found it impossible to sustain life without every now and then giving spasmodic gulps just like fishes when taken out of water. Of course there was no inclination to eat; but we wished to smoke, and found that our pipes almost refused to burn, for they, like ourselves, wanted more oxygen."

These symptoms lasted nearly three days and then they disappeared gradually, Mr. Whymper suffering more than the two guides. Mr. Perring, though a much weaker man, was not affected at all. When summing up his experience at the end of the volume, Mr. Whymper remarks, that there are strong grounds for believing that the sudden dizziness and headaches, the slight hemorrhages, the "mortal pangs," and "drunken sensation," of which so many have had experience either on land, in balloon, or when sustaining artificial diminution in pressure, and the insensibility and fatal hemorrhages which have occurred in the most extreme cases, have all been caused by internal pressure; and that the degree of intensity of the effect and their earlier or later appearance depend upon the extent of the diminution in pressure, the rate at which it is reduced, and the length of time it is experienced. An unlimited number of combinations can be produced when to these are added the complications arising from the effect on respiration of rarefaction of the air, and differences in individual constitutions.

They finally reached the higher summit of Chimborazo, after having first climbed the lower one by mistake, and, as the author says, stood upright like men, instead of grovelling, as they had been doing for the previous five hours, in the soft and yielding snow. There they took their observations,



ICE-CLIFFS UNDER THE SUMMIT OF CHIMBORAZO.
From Mr. Whymper's "Travels Amongst the Great Andes."

the mercury falling to 14.100 inches, with a temperature of 21 deg., Fahr., and returned to camp after nightfall, having been on foot for nearly sixteen hours. The engraving of the ice-cliff under the summit of Chimborazo is from a photograph taken by Mr. Whymper at an altitude of 18,500 feet, and is supposed by him to be the spot at which Humboldt and Boussingault stopped. The view from this position is one of the most striking upon the mountain.

Owing to his carelessness the ascent of Chimborazo resulted in severe frostbites for Louis Carrel and necessitated a return to the lowlands in search of a doctor. In consequence, Mr. Whymper gave up any further attacks on Chimborazo for the time, and, after some minor explorations, started for the ascent of the great volcano Cotopaxi. The journey was rendered difficult by the volcanic ash which afforded no firm foothold. They passed twenty-six hours on the summit of Cotopaxi, from midday on February 18th, 1880, to 2 p.m. on the 19th, and Mr. Whymper obtained some excellent photographs, and made many most valuable observations. The description of the crater of the volcano is best given in his own words.

"When night fairly set in we went up to view the interior of the crater. The atmosphere was cool and tranquil. We could hear the deadened roar of the steam-blasts as they escaped from time to time. Our long rope had been fixed both to guide in the darkness and to lessen the chance of disturbing the equilibrium of the slope of ashes. Grasping it, I made my way upwards, prepared for something dramatic, for a strong glow on the under side of the steam clouds showed that there was fire below. Crawling and grovelling as the lip was approached I bent eagerly forward to peer into the unknown, with Carrel behind gripping my legs. The vapors no longer concealed any part of the vast crater, though they were there, drifting about, as before. We saw an amphitheatre, 2,300 feet in diameter from north to south, and 1,650 feet across from east to west, with a rugged and irregular crest, notched and cracked; surrounded by cliffs, by perpendicular and even over-hanging precipices, mixed with steep slopes, some bearing snow, and others apparently encrusted with sulphur. Cavernous recesses belched forth smoke; the sides of cracks and chasms no more than half-way down shone with ruddy light; and so it continued on all sides, right down to the bottom, precipice alternating with slope, and the fiery fissures becoming more numerous as the bottom was approached. At the bottom, probably twelve hundred feet below us, and towards the centre, there was a rudely circular spot, about one-tenth of the diameter of the crater, the pipe of the volcano, its channel of communication with lower regions, filled with incandescent, if not molten, lava, glowing and burning; with flames travelling to and fro over its surface, and scintillations scattering as from a wood-fire; lighted by tongues of flickering flame, which issued from cracks in the surrounding slopes."

Mr. Whymper brought away with him samples of the jagged crest and *debris* of the terminal slope, but the natives, who were determined that he was hunting for treasure among the mountains, would not be persuaded that the lumps of rock wrapped in paper were not gold.

But there were still more worlds to conquer, and Mr. Whymper ascended Sincholagua, Antisana, Cayambe, and several other mountains, besides climbing Chimborazo for the second time. But Mr. Whymper did not confine himself to mountain work, he also visited some of the towns, and examined the Pyramids of Quito. The history of these monuments is very interesting. They were erected to mark the base-line which was measured, in 1836, by La Condamine and his associates, when, in consequence of the discussions which had arisen as to the figure of the earth, they were sent out by the French Academy of Science, at the beginning of the last century. They commenced their work on a plain to the north-east of Quito by measuring a very long base line, and from its end carried a chain of triangles over more than three degrees of latitude. Towards the end of their work they measured a base of verification near Cuenca, and found its length by direct measurement differed from the calculated length by less than two feet. The *toise* which the French Academicians took out as their unit of measure was a bar of iron, and it has ever since been known as "the toise of Peru." As it was desired that the length of the base line should be preserved La Condamine determined to mark the ends with permanent monuments. With this intent he built the Pyramids; but, unfortunately, orders were given that they should be erased in 1747. They were afterwards re-erected, but the then President of Ecuador so little appreciated the purpose for which they were designed that he moved one of them some hundreds of feet to one side in order that it might be better seen. Thus, though the labors of the Academicians are after a fashion, commemorated, the base line of the Condamine is lost forever. Mr. Whymper pays a well-deserved tribute to his right hand man and trusted assistant, J. A. Carrel, who died in 1890.

In addition to studying the mountain sickness and making many barometrical observations, Mr. Whymper collected botanical and entomological specimens with the greatest enthusiasm. The result of his entomological researches is contained in a supplementary volume, most fully and admirably illustrated with engravings of the Coleoptera and other specimens described. It is not often that a book of such solid value is so entertaining and readable, and as most of the scientific matter is placed in the appendices or in the supplementary volume, the accounts of the mountain ascents may be thoroughly enjoyed by those who care more for travel than for scientific investigation.

HELP BETTER THAN SYMPATHY.

A little help is worth a lot of sympathy, and a little self-denial is worth a lot of talk. A veteran in the Temperance cause "twenty-three years ago put the boys in one side of the balance of affection, and his pipe (of which he was very fond) in the other, and made it a matter of prayer as to which he ought to love best. Of course, the boys' side went down, as they would say, flop, and the pipe and its belongings perished by fire, and the modest sixpence per week that his tobacco used to cost him he devoted to the circulation of Temperance literature."—*English Paper.*

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's cumbering fetter
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care;
Never give up or the burden may sink you,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And in all trials and troubles bethink you
The watchword of life must be,—never give up.
—*Tupper.*

THE LADDER OF LEARNING
O steep is the ladder and high
Heigho!
Its top is afar in the sky,
Heigho!
Where the noonday sun is burning,
The lowest rounds from the grasses spring,
And the babies toddle and climb and cling,
And up they go from the A B C
To the Y Z and the X Y Z,
And ever they grow at each step, dear me,
Heigho for the Ladder of Learning!
With many a skip and a hop, Heigho!
With many a stumble and stop, Heigho!
And many a backward turning,
With tripping and laughter, with tumbles and tears,
With feet that grow weary, the poor little dears,
With nodding and napping, with struggle and strain,
They still clamber on in the sun and the rain,
And when they fall back, begin over again,—
Heigho for the Ladder of Learning!
Now when do they get to the top
Heigho!
And when does this clambering stop?
Heigho!
And where is the prize they are earning?
They laugh at the question—
pray how do they know?
But fast and more fast, up
the ladder they go,
With frocks that grow longer,
with manhood that nears
With leaping or stumbling
with smiles or with tears
They climb and will climb
through the on-coming
years—
Heigho for the
Ladder of
Learning!

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER VII.—*(Continued.)*

"I am sure I should like him too. He was so good to let me in the tower this morning. Lasette came to the door to me and whispered something in his ear; and then he laughed and tossed me in his arms and cried, 'Ho, ho, little fairy!' You are fond of him, are you not, cousin?"

"Mathilde and Guilbert are the only persons I have ever known, and the only ones I love excepting you, dear Constance," added the artless William.

Constance was so delighted with his ingenuous declaration that she immediately embraced Sweet William again. And as if bent on making friends all round, she straightway ran and did likewise with Mathilde and Guilbert, who sat a little apart, watching their innocent pleasure.

Then the two children sat long together at the little table—Sweet William joyfully laying before his little cousin the best portions of his simple meal, and giving her the choicest flowers, which Mathilde had gathered fresh that morning; while Constance in turn delighted him with her merry prattle.

"No, no!" remonstrated my lady, as William placed his largest nosegay before her; "I will have no other than those sweet purple posies over there. They are *your* flowers, and I shall always wear them in my hair, as ladies do the chosen flowers of their knights." And she took a handful of purple and white sweet-williams that stood in an earthen vase upon the window-ledge.

"Nurse brings these to me every day, and I like them best of all myself. She says they are like me; do you think so, cousin?"

Constance looked at the tender blossoms and then at the pure, sweet face before her with its smile of innocence and its dark, lustrous eyes and earnest, trustful look; and she said quite gently,—

"I do not know, Sweet William; but I have never seen in all the fields of Normandy a flower so lovely as you. And there are many of them in the early summer, I do assure you—marigolds and daffodils and daisies and blue violets everywhere. Roncesvalles and I love to go and gather them. And I make wreaths of rosemary for his dear neck, and he likes it; for I tell him rosemary means true, and that I shall always be true to him. Oh, I wish that I might bring my Roncesvalles to see you! If you did not live in such a high tower, and he were not so very big, I would; for he is a beautiful and a brave horse."

"I thought so, as I saw him yesterday," returned Sweet William; "but you can ride under my window again, as you did then, and teach him to look up at me."

"Oh, I will, I will, and tell him all about my new cousin! Lasette need not fear but he can keep a secret, even better than I; and he will be so glad, for he understands all I tell him, and nearly talks to me with his great eyes. But you may see Ixe—that is my hawk. A fierce black bird he is, with little silver bells at his talons, that tinkle and tell me where he is though he be ever so high. O Sweet William, if you could but leave this tower and come with me to my father's castle, I would show you a thousand pleasant things and we could have such sports together as you have never dreamed of."

Sweet William looked at her wistfully, and his deep eyes asked a question which his lips could not frame; and something in the tender face made Constance add hastily,—

"But I am again unmindful of Lasette's counsel. We must be patient and wait," she said; "and some day if we keep our secret well, you will surely come and live at the castle and be the Lord of Mount St. Michael and all Normandy. Think of it, cousin!"

Sweet William could scarcely think of it. His eyes grew wide with surprise as he asked,—

"How long must we wait, dear Constance?"

"I do not know, nor does Lasette; but surely not very many years, Sweet William, for you are almost tall enough now to be a king." And she looked admiringly at the slender, graceful young figure before her.

And so they went on, talking all the morning, and growing better friends every minute; telling each other the simple experiences of their little lives, which for being so different found greatest favor in their eyes. They made a grand survey of the tower chamber; and Constance was shown Sweet William's cradle, and the little shoes in which he had learned to walk, and the curious toys that Guilbert had fashioned for his amusement—in fact all the quaint little relics of his babyhood which Mathilde prized above all her earthly possessions, and which told of the simple comforts and great love that had been his. Sweet William took her to see his little birds, and told her the names of every one of them, as they hopped shyly in and out of their nests among the green vines; and he showed her how tame and friendly they were, and how they even ate little crumbs from his hand. And altogether Constance began to think the Great Tower the most delightful place she had ever seen, and declared she would spend all her days there till Sweet William was ready to leave it; and that then every dungeon at Mount St. Michael should be made just like it, that all little boys who were brought up in them might fare as peacefully and contentedly as did Sweet William. She tripped about the old gray chamber as familiarly as if she had lived in it always, yet finding something new and pleasant at every turn, admiring all she saw, and chattering like a linnet, while the young William followed her and listened with his sweet, serious smile.

At length Lasette came to take my lady away, and finding her in such good and amiable spirits, was well pleased with her daring venture, and promised to let her come again every day. As Lasette led the little girl away, she stopped to whisper in Mathilde's ear,—

"Have no fear, good sister! It was best to let my lady have her way in this. Her dread of bringing trouble on the dear little one will make her mindful of my words. She is full of reason, and, trust me, no harm will come of it."

Mathilde made no reply, but she looked up hopefully; for Guilbert had told her of Lasette's plan while the two children were engaged in their artless talk, and many of her old fears had vanished and new hopes risen in their stead.

Yet she watched her little boy anxiously more than once that day, for he was thoughtful and silent beyond his wont; and though no shadow rested on his peaceful face, the absent look in his dark eyes showed that his thoughts were far away.

"And of what does my sweetheart think?" she asked, as she watched the long curling lashes droop pensively over his fair cheek.

"I was thinking," said Sweet William, "of what my fair cousin said of the poor captives in that other prison; and I was wondering why it was cold and dreadful there, and why they were unhappy. Is it a sad thing to be a captive, nurse?"

"Ay, ay, sweet love; it is a dreary fate enough."

"And why are people shut up in gloomy towers like that, and made unhappy?"

"Ah, Sweet William," answered nurse, "that is what I cannot tell. I am too unwise to understand these things; but the good God knows best, and some time he will set it all aright."

"And am I a captive, too, because I live in a dungeon?" asked William, with pathetic doubtfulness.

Mathilde clasped him in her arms. She could find no answer for these words.

"Why do you weep, good *maman*?" he said, caressing her tenderly. "Sure, this is no gloomy dungeon like the one my cousin spoke of, and I am very happy here."

"Oh, my little William, are you sure, very sure, that you are happy here?"

"So long as I have you with me, dear nurse."

"And is there nothing you long for and have not?"

"Nothing, now that I have seen my fair cousin. Truly, I should like to see the splendid castle she speaks of; but heard you not, dear Mathilde, what she said—that we must wait patiently, and some day I should be ruler of Mount St. Michael and Normandy?"

"That is my hope," returned Mathilde, half to herself; but she sighed as she thought of all that might happen before that great hope was fulfilled.

As for Sweet William, he had no knowledge of the strife and the bitterness born of such ambitious hopes; he knew only of peace and quietude, and love and gentleness, and his dreams of a blissful future were unclouded by any doubt.

"When I am a man, Mathilde, I will do good things," he said. "I should like to be a mighty lord, and make my people happy, and teach them to love me and to be good and wise. I would go through every castle in Normandy, and wherever I found an unhappy captive I would set him free. It is well to be powerful, is it not?"

"It is well to be powerful," answered nurse, "if that power is directed to mercy. But, dearest heart, it is better to be born good and lovable than to be born a king. And I would rather my little one possessed a kindly heart than all the wealth and power of this great realm; for love is stronger and makes mightier conquests than all the deadly weapons of men."

And Sweet William pondered over these wise words in his heart, and remembered them long after many strange things for him had come to pass.

CHAPTER VIII.—CAPTIVITY BRIGHTENED.

True to her promise, my Lady Constance appeared beneath Sweet William's Bower on the following morning. She rode the stately Roncesvalles, and waved her little hand toward the window where Sweet William stood smiling down upon them both. She halted, and bending forward until her rosy lips almost touched the listening ears of Roncesvalles, said in a coaxing little voice,—

"Come, good horse, look up at your cousin William. See! is he not a dear, dear cousin? No, no! this way, Roncesvalles; look where I look, and smile at him—do!"

But whether the face at the window was too high up for the proud Roncesvalles to look to, or whether he secretly felt that Cousin William bade fair to be a rival in his young mistress's affection, never a sign of recognition made he, save to beat the earth impatiently with his hoofs.

"Look up just once for me," pleaded Constance, "and then you will want to look twice for yourself."

But Roncesvalles remained obstinate.

Sweet William dropped a handful of his own little blossoms from his window, and they fell partly on my lady's broad-brimmed hat and partly on the good horse's mane. Constance gathered them carefully and put them to Roncesvalles's nose with childish audacity, using all her pretty witcheries to win him; but he only shook his head uneasily, and breathed such a whiff out of his nostrils that all the little petals were scattered to the winds.

"Oh, you are very, very naughty, and I do not love you," said she, with a contradictory smile.—"Dear cousin," she added, looking up at the little boy apologetically, "you must excuse his bad behavior to-day. Roncesvalles is very rude sometimes, even with his own relations. I must set about teaching him better courtesy; but he has so many loving qualities, for all his ill-temper, that I cannot be very severe with him.—Come!" cried she, drawing in her reins; "one more gallop to show my cousin what a brave, swift horse you are."

Roncesvalles awaited no second summons, but started off at full speed; and a moment later he and my lady had disappeared in the descent of the winding road.

After that they rarely missed their morning turn around the foot of the Great Tower; and although Roncesvalles never grew very intimate with cousin William nor yet learned to smile at him as he was bidden, he appeared to become reconciled to my lady's fondness for her little twin-cousin, and in time actually seemed to take pride in doing his best before Sweet William—galloping and cantering in his most graceful manner, and in fact displaying all the arts of an obedient and accomplished horse. And Sweet William from his high tower watched and admired it all, and "wondered" much in his quiet way at all the strange new things he saw.

It is astonishing how short a time it takes for young loves to grow. They are like the fair flowers of spring, which to-day are but tender buds, and to-morrow rich blossoms full of sweetness and promise. Sweet William and his little cousin, seeing more of each other as time went on, grew nearer and dearer each day. Nothing of interest ever took place at the castle but my lady brought glowing accounts of it to the little boy in his retirement. Before many weeks he had heard the histories of all the good peasants of the village. He knew by name all the good castle-folk at Mount St. Michael, and could have found, if he had leave, the spots where the brightest flowers grew, or the trees where the rarest birds built their nests, or the places on the shore where the loveliest sea-shells lay,—so vividly had Constance pictured to him all the things and places that she loved most. Indeed, he had in that short time learned more of his own surroundings from her than he had in all the years of his young life from the wise Mathilde. And it was well for my lady that she was the one chosen by fate to enjoy the free and beautiful world without. Such an eager, restless little bird as she could never have listened to all the delights of a world from which she was shut out with that sweet, submissive spirit which rendered the gentle William so lovable. Not that he was entirely free from a secret wish to share them sometimes, but that his unquestioning faith in those he loved told him it was best to be as he was, and kept him from vain longings.

(To be Continued.)

WHO THE PRISONERS ARE.

A governor of Canterbury gaol once remarked: "I have had 22,000 prisoners through my hands since I have been the governor of this gaol; but, though I have inquired, I have not discovered one teetotaller among them."—*From "The Youth's Temperance Banner."*

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marquerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued*).

Yes, they were very happy in the Great Tower these two little cousins; and nurse Mathilde declared it was the sweetest pleasure she had ever known to watch them as they sat all the long autumn afternoons with their young heads together, talking and laughing as only children can—Constance always animated, wild, impulsive; while Sweet William remained calm and serene, with only the wondering expression in his grave sweet eyes as he listened to the many stories that Constance had stored in her young memory.

There was one tale he always liked to hear better than all the rest; and that was the one about the old peasant who lived at the foot of the Mount, who had said that my lady resembled her pretty young mother. Constance related how the old man had lived these years all alone in his little hut, watching and waiting for a ship that never came; how his children and his grandchildren had all died, save one, who, being a brave and trusty seaman had gone to man a ship which years ago had taken an unhappy lady from Mount St. Michael; and how the good sailor had promised the Norman people, who loved the lady dearly, that he would never show his face in Normandy again if he failed to pilot her safely back to her own country; and the weeks and the months and the years had rolled by, and no ship had ever returned, and no sailor ever brought news of a safe voyage. But love and hope are stronger than the wildest tempest; and the old Norman was still waiting and watching at the foot of the Mount for this last of all his loved ones. She told how the light was left burning every night against the good sailor's return, and how the old man would often mistake the moaning of the wind or the murmur of the waves for the voice of the absent one, and with faltering steps and anxiously beating heart would go to the door of his little hut, only to let in the cold and darkness of night.

Sweet William always sighed after listening to this story of patient love, and said,—

"I wonder what became of the lady, Constance, and whether the ship will ever come back."

But Constance could not tell, and William's tender heart ached for the old man when he learned that his years of waiting had been as many as those of his own young life; and that to him seemed very long.

Then there was old Mother Anne, for whom Sweet William had conceived a lively interest. A remarkable person she seemed to him, from all the accounts he had of her. Constance had said that she possessed two pairs of eyes, one of which she used to look into the future. And it was certain that she made good use of them both, for she not only knew everything that went on in the village, but could tell all that would happen in years to come, they said. This rare gift William often coveted. How gladly would he have used those far-seeing eyes to look into his own mysterious future and what a deal of wondering they would have saved him about himself! He often tried to imagine what prophecies Mother Anne would have in store for him, and secretly wished he might beguile her into revealing some of her wisdom. But Mother Anne, like most people who have a talent, was choice of it, and never displayed it except on rare occasions. Even my lady thought her a little disobliging for never entering into the free and confidential talks with her which she liked so much from her elders. And when she once asked the old woman to teach her some of her wily arts, Mother Anne had only replied with a low chuckle,—

"He who knows nothing, fears nothing."

But as Constance feared nothing, and knew a great deal for a little girl, she was somewhat disgusted with Mother Anne's logic.

Still, the old woman was very fond of the pretty child, her saucy prattle notwithstanding; and her son, a burly young peasant, had spent much time and care in training the famous Ixe as a gift from that worthy dame to my little lady on her feast day. It was rather a dubious thing in those days to receive a gift from such a questionable personage as Mother Anne; especially as good or ill fortune was supposed to attend the gift, according to the manner in which it was given. But on this occasion Mother Anne had not committed herself; she had only said in her mystifying tones,—

"A light heart and a happy lot are yours, my pretty lady; but look you! should Ixe die before the year, you are in danger of losing both. Take care of him, good care of him, my little elf!" which harrowing prophecy caused Lasette to spend many an anxious and sleepless night. As for Constance, she always took the greatest care of her bird—not on account of Mother Anne's words, which were riddles to her, but because she was fond of him, as she was of every living thing that came within the reach of her loving nature.

At last the brown autumn died away, and the cold winter came; and the gray mists rose above Mount St. Michael, and the white snow fell quietly, burying everything beneath it, and making the lonely landscape around Sweet William's Bower even more bleak and desolate. But none of the dreariness without ever found its way into the gray chamber now. There was always laughter and merry-making going on within; and although it had once been the gloomiest dungeon on Mount St Michael, it was now lighted up with the sunshine of love and youthful graces, and often made bright and beautiful.

The days were all too short, and even the long evenings came to an end much too soon for the happy little cousins; for it was then that Guilbert, sitting very straight in his high-backed chair, related his wonderful stories, and delighted the ears of Sweet William and Constance with his marvellous adventures. The good old fellow had kept a boyish heart, his white hairs notwithstanding; and his thrilling recitals were scarcely less a delight to himself than to the children. For he had a remarkable memory, had Guilbert, for things that never happened or that happened so long before his time that he was hardly expected to have any recollection of them. It must be confessed that in his excitement he often grew sadly confused, and jumbled up his dates in a way that would have made any historian's hair turn white.

The artless William always listened intently, with his sweet, trustful, unquestioning smile, and his dark eyes filled with a look of innocent wonderment; but Constance, whose knowledge of events was vast in comparison, was often moved to shameful doubt, especially when Guilbert dwelt at length on his intimacy with William the Conqueror, or told what active part he took in the ravagings of the early Northmen, or even went so far as to hint at his having been one of the brave Roland's band—forgetting, apparently, that though the fame of these great heroes lives for ever, their poor bodies had been lying in their rocky graves for centuries.

"Guilbert must be very old," Constance would conjecture. "Do you think, Sweet William, he could have seen the awful dragon that used to roam about Mount St. Michael before our great fortress was built?"

But Sweet William had never heard of the great dragon that roamed about Mount St. Michael; and Constance was fain to relate to him the old legend, which Nurse Lasette had repeated so many times that the little girl had it all by heart.

"It is strange to think of it, Sweet William," said she; "but once upon a time there was nothing on this high mount but gray rocks and great lonely trees growing in among them—no abbey nor castle, and no one living near it for miles around. The people were afraid of it because this fearful dragon was hidden away under the topmost rock; and at dusk he came out and wandered about the mount, and ate up anybody he chanced to meet. He was the terror of all the country, but especially of the poor mariners, who were sure whenever they heard his terrible laugh that some great danger was ahead. Think, cousin, how curious to hear a dragon laugh! A dragon is a dreadful creature with wings and a monstrous tail and a very unpleasant face. One would never think that he could laugh. The people were very sorry about this dragon; but most of all a good old bishop who lived near by, and who had prayed much to the blessed saints that the monster might be destroyed. One night the bishop had a strange dream; the archangel Michael came to him and said, 'Go to the highest rock of the mount and slay the dragon and there build a church in my name.' When the good bishop awoke he was glad indeed to find it was only a dream; for though he was anxious to be rid of the dragon, he would rather some one else did the slaying while he did the praying. But the second and the third night he had again the same dream; till at last Saint Michael struck him on the head with his thumb, and left a little round mark in his skull where no hair ever grew again. After that the good bishop did as he was told; and think of his terror, William, when he reached the top of the mount! The huge beast flapped its wings, and opened its great jaws as if it would swallow him whole; but he was brave now, for the good angel was near him, and as he raised his sword the dragon laughed one of his horrid laughs and fell down dead. Then the bishop laid the first stone on the place where the dragon fell, and after that a little church was built, and the mount called Mount St. Michael in honor of the archangel. And ever since Saint Michael has been the patron saint of France and Normandy."

"If it were not for the mark of the saint's thumb," observed Sweet William pensively, "I would almost think Guilbert were that bishop; it is like some of the brave deeds he did in his youth. Guilbert has been so many things, Constance, is it not possible he might have been a bishop?"

But Constance, upon second consideration thought not; for though Guilbert possessed an ample circular baldness on the top of his venerable head which would have been testimony enough for him, all this had happened so many hundred years ago—no one knew exactly how many—that she felt certain Guilbert could claim no share in it.

"And then," she went on, "the castle was built, and the little church was made into the large and beautiful abbey that it is now, by the powerful dukes of Normandy. There is a picture of the good archangel there, and you should see it, dear William—such a heavenly face when the sunshine falls on it through the purple and crimson windows! I can almost think he is looking straight at me and saying, 'I am the patron of little children; I love and protect them all.' Have you never seen the face of the good Saint Michael, William.

"Surely no, dear Constance; I do not understand. How may one see the face of those who are not on earth?"

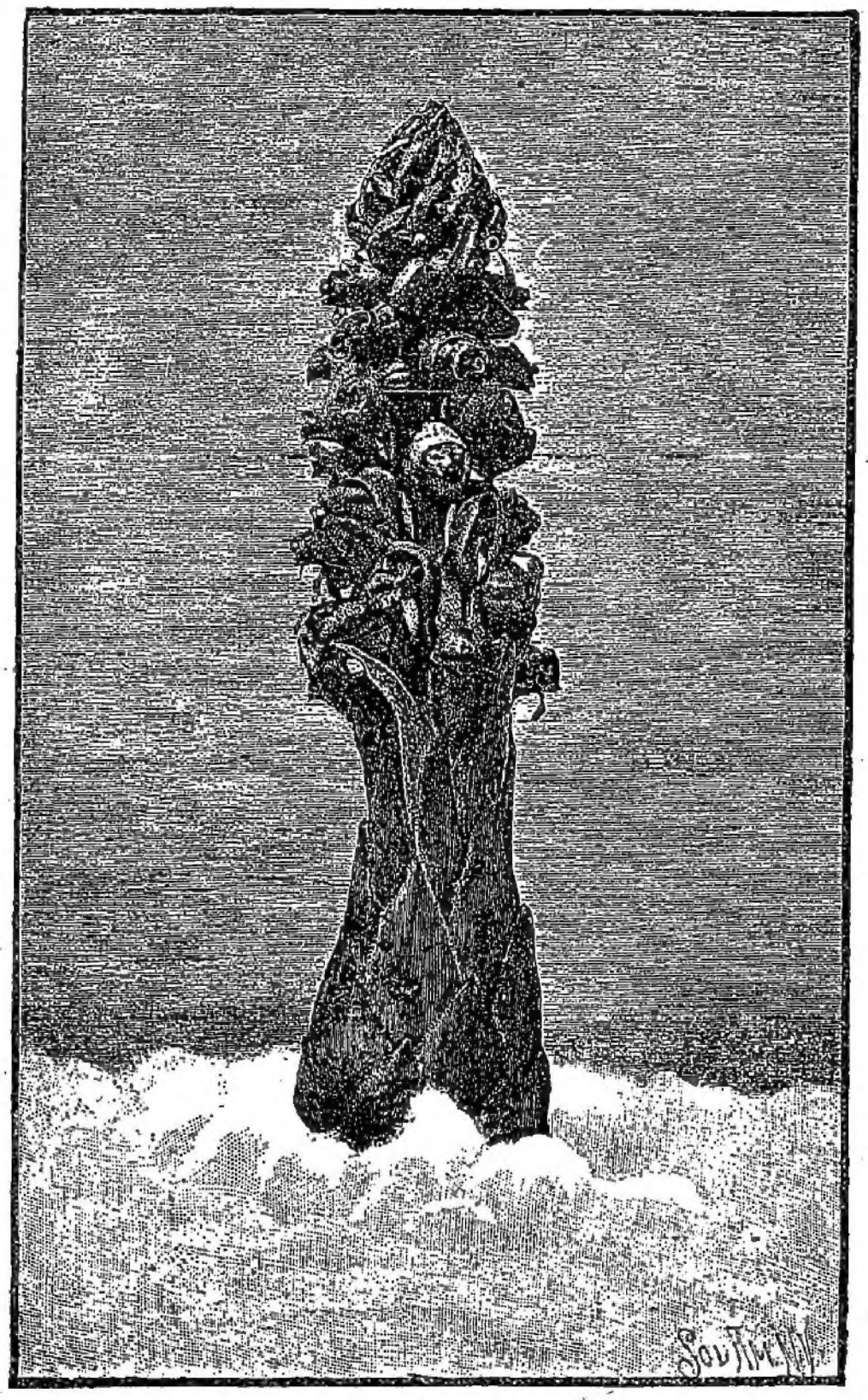
"O Sweet William dear," said my lady laughingly, "you can see the portrait of any one—even of persons who are not living now, or who never were on earth at all."

"And what is a portrait like?" inquired Sweet William innocently.

(To be Continued.)

THE SNOW PLANT OF THE SIERRAS.

The California snow plant here shown is from a photograph sent to the *Scientific American* by Mr. Taber of San Francisco. It is called the snow plant because it thrusts its stem up through the snow to a height of nine or ten inches, and flowers when no other vegetation is to be seen. This curious plant, which belongs to the order Ericaceæ, is allied to the *Pine drops* (*Pterospora*), but has much larger flowers, an elongated style and wingless seeds. There is but one species (the one here figured), which is an erect herbaceous parasite, with succulent, scale-like leaves, and a long raceme of pendulous flowers. The whole plant is of a blood-red color.



YOU CAN'T STOP your neighbor's tongues, but you can stop your own ears.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

ARRANGED FOR MEMORIZING, BY THE REV. HENRY BOGGIS.

Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, (God's holy word of truth),
Numbers, and Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Book of Ruth;
Samuel, Kings and Chronicles, two each, all with their war alarms,
Loyal Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, good Job and Book of *Psalms*;
Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and Royal Solomon's Mystic Song,
Bright Isaiah, Jeremiah with his Lamentations strong;
Ezekiel, Daniel and Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah,
Selfish Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk and Zephaniah;
We are nearly through the Prophets when we come to Haggai,
And finish the old Testament with Zechariah and Malachi.

There remain the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark with Luke and John,
The Acts and Romans, two Corinthians also are following on;
The Galatians and Ephesians with Philippians now come,
Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Philemon;
You are now up to the Hebrews brought, James Peter, John and Jude,
So with John's Revelation here the whole canon we conclude.

DR. CUYLER'S REMINISCENCES.

FATHER MATHEW AND OTHER LEADERS—SIXTY YEARS OF TEMPERANCE WORK.

Up to the year 1833 the temperance enterprise in this country was directed against "ardent spirits" only, and the first pledge which I signed when a little boy allowed the use of wines and cider. A great moral reform could not stand long on so narrow and illogical a basis, and in 1833 Mr. Edward C. Delavan and Captain Benjamin Joy introduced a resolution before the New York State Temperance Society in favor of banning all vinous and fermented drinks. I remember well those two heroic men, who were branded at the time as arrant fanatics. Captain Joy resided at Ludlowville, on Cayuga Lake, and it was at a prayer-meeting held at his house (in January, 1843) that I first decided on entering the Gospel ministry. He was a pioneer abolitionist and teetotaller whom the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" tried to suppress by cutting his harness, upsetting his old chaise, and smoking out his school-house meetings. I once saw a bottle of whiskey hurled at his head while he was speaking and as it crashed against the wall, the captain exclaimed: "Good for you, boys! there's another devil cast out!" The veteran lived to help organize the present "National Temperance Society and Publication House," and on the evening before his sudden death (in 1869) he delivered a fervid address to the Good Templars in Penn Yan.

Edward C. Delavan was a rich retired merchant residing at Ballston Centre. He had become famous by his fight with the brewers of Albany, who prosecuted him for charging them with using the drainage of sewers and cemeteries for the manufacture of their beer. Delavan won the suit, and then flooded the land with the reports of his trial. He also went to Europe to study the effects of vinous beverages in the wine-producing countries. I first met him while I was a student at Princetown College, and was greatly charmed by his handsome face, white hair, and elegant manners. He led the movement for total abstinence in the New York State Society, and he won a decisive victory at its convention in February, 1834. A national convention of temperance reformers, held at Saratoga in August, 1836, adopted the same "platform," and from that day to this our reform has stood upon the immovable bed-rock of abstinence from all alcoholic beverages. That shrewd logician, President Nott, of Union College, brought his powerful aid to the cause, and he indoctrinated also his son-in-law, Dr. Alonzo Potter, who, after he became the Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania, published an unanswerable tract for total abstinence which ought to be in the hands of every minister in America.

The "Washingtonian" movement originated with a half-dozen reformed inebriates in Baltimore in 1840, and spead like wildfire over the land; within two years a large number of hard drinkers adopted its teetotal pledge, and thousands were reformed through its agency. I once heard their leader, Mr. J. H. W. Hawkins, who was a "rough and ready" speaker, making his own thrilling experience the chief capital of his speeches. The world-known and well-beloved John B. Gough, king of all temperance orators, was the most distinguished product of this movement. It is also probable that the beneficent order of the "Sons of Temperance," formed by sixteen men in New York city, in September, 1842, really grow out of this Washingtonian crusade. My connection with this "Order" for forty-five years has confirmed me in a high opinion of its usefulness.

But the most extraordinary character in the early days of the total abstinence enterprise was Father Theobald Mathew, of Ireland. He was a warm-hearted Roman Catholic priest in Cork, and was in the habit of visiting the workhouse in company with a benevolent Quaker, William Martin. One day friend Martin pointed to some wretched sots in the workhouse, and said to him: "O Theobald Mathew, if thou wouldst only take hold of the temperance cause!" Out of the mustard-seed of this little sentence sprang a movement that soon grew into a prodigious tree. The kind-hearted priest got together a few friends, drew up a teetotal pledge, and about sixty subscribed their names after his own. Then he set out on a crusade against the whiskey-bottle over all Ireland, administering the pledge to about four millions of persons in less than four years! During that time the annual consumption of whiskey sank from eleven millions of gallons to less than six millions! The "tidal wave" of cold water submerged hundreds of grog-shops, and extinguished the infernal fires of scores of distilleries.

During the year after my graduation from Princeton College I visited Scotland; and on reaching Edinburgh I found the teetotallers of that city preparing to go over to Glasgow to give a welcome to Father Mathew. He was making his first visit to the land where the religion of John Knox has been so often drowned out by the whiskey of poet Burns. Arriving in Glasgow we found a multitude of over fifty thousand people assembled on the green. In an open barouche, drawn by four horses, stood a short, stout Irishman, with a handsome benevolent countenance, attired in a long black coat; a silver medal hung upon his breast. The crowd surged around his carriage, many of them striving to grasp his hand or even to touch his clothing; for the number of Catholic Irish in Glasgow was even then very large. After the procession had forced its way through the densely thronged streets, it halted in an open square. Father Mathew began to administer the pledge, which was read out to the people, who kneeled before him on the ground in platoons. Mathew laid his hands on each one, and pronounced his priestly benediction; over the necks of many a small medal was hung. In this rapid manner the teetotal pledge was administered to many hundreds within an hour, and fresh crowds came forward. When I was introduced to the good man as an American he put his arm on my shoulder and said: "God bless you, my son!" and gave me a kiss. As I was about to make the first public temperance speech of my life (in the Glasgow City Hall), I suppose that I may regard that act of the great Irish apostle as a sort of ordination to the ministry of preaching the sound gospel of total abstinence. Father Mathew's address in the City Hall was very modest, attributing all his marvellous success to the direct blessing of God upon his efforts to deliver his native land from the curse of strong drink. The immediate revolution which he wrought in the habits of his countrymen was truly wonderful, and although vast numbers of his converts fell back into the mire of intemperance, yet there are still hundreds of thousands on both sides of the ocean who are loyal members of the "Father Mathew Total Abstinence Societies.' Such men as Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, and Fathers Cleary and Malone have caught his spirit. His dead hand is still felt; and Theobald Mathew is to-day a more vital power than Daniel O'Connell.

With nearly all the early leaders of the total abstinence reform in America I was acquainted. I have wrought on the same platform with that model Christian statesman, Theodore Frelinghuysen; with the keen-eyed and keen-witted Dr. Charles Jewett; with dear old hump-backed "Father Tommy Hunt;" with Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, and the loving-hearted T. B. Wakeley; with the brilliant Gerrit Smith, and that prince of educational editors, Horace Greeley. The early days of the total abstinence movement were, in some respects, the best days that our temperance reform has ever seen. It was, in the main, a great religious movement, controlled by the philanthropists and not by the politicians. Christian churches, of nearly all denominations, were thrown open to us, and the pulpits thundered, not occasionally but often, against the curse of dram-drinking and the crime of dram-selling. Public meetings abounded, and the pledge of total abstinence was made to clinch the rivet of persuasive argument. My teetotal pledge helped to stiffen my backbone through all the temptations of my school and college career.—*Christian Advocate.*

SCATTERING AND INCREASING.

Referring to the gifts of the Stuart family of New York, to the cause of Missions, the *Churchman* says: "A few years before her death Robert Carter, the publisher, called upon Mrs. Stuart and she drew from a desk an old document which she handed to him. It was a call for a first meeting to discuss the propriety of forming a Board of Foreign Missions. Mrs. Stuart said that her husband had gone to that meeting and in the enthusiasm of his heart had pledged himself to give five hundred dollars to the cause. When he came home his mother and his brother Alexander were full of consternation and asked him if he expected to end his days in the poorhouse, since he squandered his money in that way. 'Ah,' said Mr. Carter, 'how little he foresaw that the time was coming when Robert and Alexander Stuart would give habitually fifty thousand a year to Foreign Missions and fifty thousand to Home Missions.' Mr. Carter, in speaking of his acquaintance with the two brothers, Robert and Alexander Stuart, says, 'They began to give small subscriptions to benevolent objects, which increased with increasing prosperity. They first gave hundreds, then thousands, then tens of thousands and at last hundreds of thousands.'" Mr. Robert Stuart's first five hundred dollars to Foreign Missions, which his mother and brother regarded as "squandered," was a magnificent investment, which proved the Scripture true, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Another thing in connection with the Stuart brothers is worthy of especial comment and emphasis—their "subscriptions to benevolent objects increased with increasing prosperity." Usually there is not a proportionate increase. The richer some men get the stingier they get. The trend of wealth with some is to shrink the soul. The English woman expressed it when she remarked to her pastor, who commended her liberality in the days of her poverty, and now condemned her illiberality in the midst of her wealth. "Then I had the shilling means and the guinea heart, now I have the guinea means and the shilling heart."

OVERWORK AND DISEASE.

Overwork, whether of muscle or brain, is harmful and often fatal; but what is overwork for one man may be nothing but wholesome activity for another. Various causes may have lowered one's natural powers of endurance—lack of sleep, exhausting excitements, sedentary habits, an undue accumulation of fat, a weakened heart, or other organic disease. In all competitive sports it is dangerous for the contestants to ignore such physical differences. Spirit and excitement may help to win a temporary victory at too great a cost.

Most intelligent persons know that athletes are peculiarly liable to heart disease, and, as a class, are short-lived. It is well known, too, that exhausting marches, like the retreat of Napoleon's army from Russia, are attended by a frightful loss of life; but even the medical profession has not understood the nature of the relation between overwork and its morbid effects.

Of late years, however, the subject has been carefully studied by medical experts, and the general conclusion reached is that the system *poisons* itself by overwork and exhausting fatigue. The effect, in short, is somewhat like what takes place when the eliminating organs of the body are debilitated or diseased, causing a retention of poisonous waste.

In the lower degrees of overwork, rest restores the system to its normal state by a speedy elimination of the injurious elements, as poisons received from without are eliminated, and a fatal result avoided.

In more prolonged fatigue there is a rise of temperature and an alteration of the liquids of the body—a manifest feverish condition. In still more prolonged and severe exertions, there are changes in the bodily tissues, as well as in the fluids, especially in the heart and blood-vessels, the kidneys and spinal cord. This is the case in forced marches, night-watching followed by daily toil, in the persistent "cramming" of the schools, in the incessant drive of business, especially when these are associated with poor living and insufficient sleep. The New York *Medical Journal* says:

"In some cases death occurs too soon for the development of the above symptoms. Thus the soldier fell dead after announcing the victory of Marathon. In Algeria two noted runners fell dead the instant they reached the goal. This sudden death from over-exertion is due to self-poison by carbon dioxide, which is formed more rapidly than the lungs can exhale it."—*Youth's Companion.*

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